

THE QUIVER

Saturday, August 12, 1871.



"She established a temperance club and reading-room"—p. 707.

TRIED.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "A STORY OF VIONVILLE."

CHAPTER XL.

A WEEK later, Mrs. Denton and May Bathurst, lonely widow also, to her exceeding great joy and thankfulness. The dear old aunt, to whose protecting tenderness May had fondly looked forward as the chief comfort

of her future life, had found a better home than she could offer her, and therefore she was well content to give Mrs. Denton a final shelter at Combe Bathurst, although the widow was certainly incapable of being in any real sense a companion to herself.

The poor lady fell into a perfect flutter of delight when May first made her the offer, which seemed to her to contain every attraction the world could give—ease, luxury, freedom from care, and the constant society of the person she loved best upon earth. The contrast between Combe Bathurst, with its lofty rooms, and beautiful gardens and grounds, and her own little red brick house, was so great, that the prospect seemed almost too good to be true; and, in fact, one great difficulty seemed to her to rise up in awful proportions before her eyes—what was she to do with the formidable Rebecca? to whom May had purposely not extended her invitation, seeing very clearly that she could do her friend no greater favour than to free her from the domestic tyranny under which she had suffered so long.

"My dear," poor Mrs. Denton had said, with a look of piteous helplessness, "what will Rebecca say? she has been with me twenty years, and she will think herself so illused."

"I think we can help her to establish herself as an independent individual, so that she would not wish to remain in service," said May. "You might let her have the furniture of your cottage, as you will not require it any more, and I will give her a little sum every year which will ensure her a means of living."

"Oh, my dear May, how kind you are! She will like that a great deal better than living with me; in fact, I think she would have left me at any time for the sake of my four-post bed and the sofa in the drawing-room, but when she has the carpets and everything else besides, she will feel quite like a lady."

"Perhaps she may marry," said May, smiling.

"She would be quite willing, I know, my dear," said Mrs. Denton; "but I doubt if any male person would venture to take her; for instance, in our street most of the housekeepers have married policemen, but I have always noticed that the police run away whenever they see Rebecca coming, as if they were themselves the thieves, and not the thief-catchers; however, I know your liberal arrangement will quite satisfy her, so I will write at once and tell her my plans."

Mrs. Denton's mind being thus relieved of all care, she was quite disposed to enjoy the voyage over the blue Adriatic, which sunshine and fair breezes made very pleasant to all on board.

Amongst the passengers was a young man of the name of Harding, who had recently come from Australia, and happening to enter into conversation with him one evening, it occurred to May to ask him if he had known anything of the family of Bathursts, whom

she knew to be in the same settlement as that from which he had come. To her great satisfaction, she found that he had been well acquainted with them, and could give her every information respecting them.

Harding said that Mr. Bathurst was thoroughly atoning for the wildness and extravagance in his younger days, which had obliged him to try and relieve his fortunes in the colonies by working very hard as a sheep-farmer in the bush. His wife, it seemed was a gentle, good-tempered little woman, heavily burdened by her large family, whom she found almost more than she could manage.

"They have three or four daughters," said Harding, "and then a whole swarm of little boys, who scamper about all day like wild goats, and do just as they please."

"Do they get no education?" asked May.

"Only what their father can give them when he comes home tired out after a hard day's work; it is his greatest distress to see them growing up so untutored, especially Harry, his eldest boy, who is ten years old now, and as fine a little fellow as you could wish to see."

"I suppose he would be glad if he could in any way get him educated in England?" said May.

"I should think so, indeed! it is the one thing he most desires; if he had had any means of paying the boy's schooling, he would have made a great effort to send him home with me, but it was quite out of his power, and poor Bathurst told me that his early follies had alienated all his friends in his own country, so that there was no one whose help he could ask to give the boy even a temporary home."

May said no more, as Mr. Harding was a comparative stranger, but she resolved, with Mr. Wilbraham's help, to make more detailed inquiries, and if it seemed likely that Harry Bathurst would do justice to good training, she determined that she would bring him to England, and educate him with the view to his one day taking his place at Combe Bathurst as the representative of her father.

The prospect was a very pleasant one to warm-hearted May Bathurst, for it would be a human interest in the life which, so far as she was personally concerned, must be henceforth wholly detached from earthly hopes.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE sunshine of a warm summer evening was gleaming like golden fretwork through the full-leaved branches of an old oak-tree which stood on the lawn at Combe Bathurst, and beneath its chequered shade May herself was seated, reading attentively a letter which she held in her hand.

It was six months since she had returned to England, and ten since she had looked on the face of Sydney Leigh; and those who had only known her before that period would now have thought her

greatly altered. Her whole character had become refined and elevated, and there was a corresponding change in her appearance. No one could now have said of May Bathurst that she was not beautiful; for the pure bright soul that spiritualised her face had glorified it with a beauty far beyond that which could have been given to it by mere form or colouring. She was thinner and paler than she used to be, but there was no sign of ill health in the delicate clearness of her complexion. Her eyes, always large and thoughtful, seemed to have grown darker, and their depths were filled with a wonderful look of calm and peace, while there was in her whole expression a grave sweetness—a loving gentleness, which seemed to show that her ardent, impulsive temperament had become greatly subdued and softened. She looked very charming as she sat there, a stray sunbeam falling on the masses of her dark brown hair, which was drawn back from her face by a ribbon of violet velvet, and lighting up the folds of the grey silk dress with which she had replaced her mourning for her father.

May Bathurst was resting now in the soft sunshine of the evening hour; but, truly, she had allowed herself scant measure of repose, since she returned to Combe Bathurst from Athens in the bleak December weather.

The passionate remorse which had been awakened in her sensitive spirit by the preacher's denunciation of her faithlessness to her loving Master, had fired her with an ardour and enthusiasm in his service, which gave her no peace save when she was doing all she could to advance his kingdom upon earth.

She had ample scope for her best energies at Combe Bathurst. Her father had not lived long enough after his first acquaintance with Evans to carry out the schemes for the good of his people, which his new-born zeal had suggested to him, and Sydney Leigh, though he drew the revenues of the quarry lands, made not the smallest effort for the moral and spiritual welfare of his tenants in any way.

May flung herself into the work thus lying before her with an energy and determination which nothing seemed to daunt. Besides giving her personal care to all who were poor or sick on the estate, she founded schools and built a small church for the quarrymen, where she procured the services of a resident clergyman, and having done this she established a temperance club and reading-room, which had a wonderful effect in drawing the men away from the public-houses, and organised an evening school for girls, which she superintended herself. Her time was entirely occupied; but all this could not be accomplished without an expenditure of something more than time and labour, and May reduced her own expenses in every possible way, in order to provide the needful funds for all these works of charity. She no longer kept either a car-

riage or riding horses, but walked many a weary mile on foot daily amongst her people; and although she always showed a genial hospitality to any one who visited her, she gave up entirely taking any share in the festivities which were constantly going on in the society of the country.

While her neighbours regretted her absence from their entertainments, and remarked to each other how much Miss Bathurst was changed, there was a universal agreement of opinion that the alteration was in every respect an improvement. Her somewhat eccentric independence of character and wilful impulsiveness had given place to a quiet consistency of conduct, which was chiefly remarkable for its unselfishness and thoughtful consideration for others. Those who were her equals reaped the benefit of her loving tenderness whenever she could in any way help or console them, but to the poor she was at all times as a very angel.

During the months which had passed in these self-denying labours, May had seen nothing of Sydney Leigh and his wife, nor had she held any communication with himself. She had heard occasionally from Irene, and had always answered her letters with the greatest kindness, but she could not help being thankful that she was not likely to have the trial of meeting them, as they were established in London, and she had given up her house in Grosvenor Place amongst her other economies, and intended to remain through the whole year in the country.

Apparently the letter May Bathurst held in her hand had afforded her food for much reflection, for she had already read it twice, and was slowly going over it for the third time, when the long shadow cast by the figure of a gentleman who was approaching her across the grass, fell on the page and caused her to look up.

A smile of welcome brightened her face as she saw that it was Dr. Fleming. He had arrived the day before to pay a short visit at Combe Bathurst at May's own earnest solicitation, for she had heard from a mutual friend that he had been greatly overworked during an epidemic of fever which had taken place in some of the poorer parts of London, and that he stood much in need of a few days of country air.

"I hope you have been obeying my commands," she said, as he sat down beside her, "and that you have done nothing all day but enjoy the fresh air."

"Yes, indeed, I have, and it has been great enjoyment to wander about and see all your improvements. I am charmed with the church and schools, and from all I hear it is plain that you have not been idle this winter at all events; but I hope I have not interrupted you now, you seemed to be studying your letter most attentively when I came up."

"So I was; but you will hardly wonder at that when I tell you that it is from Mr. Evans."

"From Evans! well, you are a favoured individual. I am his oldest friend, and I have not heard from him once since he went to India. As a general rule he never writes to any one."

"It is the first letter I ever had from him, and it is likely to be the last; indeed, he says as much, for he tells me he has no time to keep up a correspondence with any one, but that he has sent me this answer to a letter in which I conveyed to him some messages from the quarry-men, because there were a few words he wished to say to myself. It was on those words I was pondering when you came to me."

"I hope there was nothing in them to distress you," said Fleming, looking at her rather anxiously.

"Not to distress me exactly, but I confess they have startled and even frightened me somewhat. Dr. Fleming, you have known so much of my history, and of the influence Mr. Evans has had upon my life, that I am tempted to tell you what he says, and hear your opinion on the subject."

"I wish you would. Perhaps you are mistaking him in some way, for I feel sure Evans could not mean to disturb your peace of mind at present. If he knew how you have moulded your existence now, he would be perfectly satisfied."

"He does know, for I told him all I was doing when I wrote to him; but I described to him at the same time the sort of twilight calm into which I seemed to have entered now. I said I felt as if in my troubled past I had gone through all the sunshine and all the storms my life was to know, and that now my soul was at rest in a peace the world could neither give nor take away, and in which there could no more be either conflict or temptation. It is to this that he makes answer, and he writes with a prophetic solemnity which certainly alarms me; for a man who lives so near to God as he does, must needs have a deeper insight into the Divine counsels than ordinary persons could obtain. He bids me not delude myself into the belief that I shall have no further struggle on my way to the eternal rest which Christ gives to his people; he says that, judging from what he has seen of God's dealings with the souls of men, he believes that I must be tried yet once again, and that on this third test the final issue will depend for me. Twice, he says, I have been tried, and found wanting; twice I have failed in the ordeal, and turned from it to a course of faithlessness and danger; and twice God's special mercy checked me on my perilous course, and drove me back to him, as it were, with many a goading pang. But it is voluntary and spontaneous sacrifice which only is pleasing unto God; and in the tests wherewith he tries the soul, it is not the submission of necessity, but the ready conquest of faithful love, which can alone give it the true and final victory. A third time, therefore, he will try me, when no alien power can come to my aid, and it will rest with myself alone to stand or fall—to yield to some

temptation stronger than any I have yet known, or to resist and conquer by my own will at the last, in that final battle whose guerdon is the crown of life. This is what he says, as if he saw with a prophet's eye into the future; and can you wonder that it troubles me?"

"No," said Fleming, "and if it were any other than Evans who had written such words, I should say that of course they were mere conjecture, and somewhat presumptuous, too; but he has so long acted as the messenger of God to the souls of men, and has, as you say, lived so continually in his immediate presence, that there can be no doubt he has obtained a marvellous insight into the laws which govern the spiritual kingdom. I cannot, therefore, but feel that words of his on such a subject ought not to be lightly passed over. I have never known him wrong in previsions of that nature."

May sighed heavily as she folded up the letter.

"Dear Miss Bathurst," said Fleming, gently, "surely you need not fear. Your heart is now securely fixed, I am very sure, where strength will never fail you; you will be more than conqueror, through Christ who has loved you."

"I have failed twice," she answered, in a low tone; "it is well that I should fear. However, I will not let an unknown future weigh upon me now," she added, more lightly. "I shall not forget Mr. Evans's warning, but I need not let my mind dwell on it just yet."

"That is wise," said Fleming, smiling kindly at her.

"And now, Dr. Fleming," said May, "I want you to give me some information about those whose happiness is very dear to me. I quite appreciate your delicacy in not mentioning Sydney Leigh and his wife," and a sudden colour tinged her cheek as she spoke, "but I wish very much to know all you can tell me about them. Are they well and happy?"

"Happy they are, certainly—they seem wrapped up in each other—but Mrs. Leigh has not been very well lately."

"I am truly sorry to hear it. I hope it is nothing serious."

"No; it seems to be only general delicacy. She has not a strong constitution, and she felt the death of her old nurse, Xanthi, very much. You heard of that event, I suppose?"

"No, I did not. Poor old woman! is she gone?"

"Yes; she died of an attack of bronchitis, in the winter, after a very few days' illness. She refused to lie in bed to the last, but sat all day crouching on a pile of cushions before the fire. It was quite touching to see the Hindoo Chunder's attention to her; he nursed her night and day."

"But how could he speak to her?"

"Only by signs, which, however, seemed quite satisfactory to them both. When she was dying, she asked Mrs. Leigh if heaven would be as beautiful as her own Greece."

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"Poor Xanthi!" said May. "How faithful she was to the promise she gave Irene's mother, since to keep it she has even died in exile!"

"Yes. Mrs. Leigh blamed herself for not having sent her back to her native country; but I believe they had some plan of visiting Greece, which her own delicate health prevented. I have advised that she should not travel herself at all this year; but she insists that Mr. Leigh should join some friends in an excursion to Dresden, where there are some pictures he wishes to see."

"He is well, I hope?" said May, in a voice slightly tremulous.

"Oh yes, he has excellent health; but his wife thinks he spends too much time between his studio and her sick-room, and that he ought to have a change of air. She says he never cares to go out unless she can go with him, and for this reason she thinks it would be good for him to go quite away for a few weeks."

"He has been painting a great deal, then, I suppose?"

"Yes, ever since he got possession of so beautiful a model as his wife, he devotes most of his time to making pictures of her in every possible attitude. I was obliged to interfere, as I thought it too fatiguing for her to remain so many hours in a constrained position."

"Has he finished his first picture of her?" said May, in a low tone, for she could not forget the terrible associations connected with it.

"Yes, he has, and it proved a great success," said Fleming, hurriedly, for he saw, by May's varying colour, that the conversation was becoming too trying for her; "but, Miss Bathurst, it begins to grow late, and the dew is falling. Had you not better go in?"

She understood his motive perfectly, and, rising without a word, she walked with him in silence to the house.

(To be continued.)

PICTURES OF TRUTH.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., VICAR OF CLERKENWELL.

YOU have no 'likes' in your sermons. Christ taught that the kingdom of heaven was 'like' to leaven hid in meal—'like' to a grain of mustard-seed, &c. You tell us what things *are*, but never *what they are like*." Such were the words of Robert Hall; and they are undoubtedly true. There is much of dogmatic teaching—laying down the law in its abstract principles—but what the Church and people need is illustrative teaching. I plead for the propriety and the necessity of such a mode of teaching in the Christian Church.

For this we have our Lord's own Divine example, "Without a parable spake he not unto them" (Matt. xiii. 34). It would appear as though the Saviour's ministry had commenced with doctrine and precept, and that the parable and similitude was, ere long, inwrought as a chief characteristic of his teaching. First of all was the "Sermon on the Mount," which, though not altogether without similitudes, was chiefly composed of Gospel precepts, as in contrast over against the precepts of the law—Christian love for legal hatred; Christian forgiveness for legal vengeance; "beatitudes" instead of "commandments;" and promises of grace instead of threatenings and curses of a legal code. Such a mode of teaching continued until that stage of his ministry which is represented in the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew, where the more direct teaching by parable begins. So much so, that the disciples were astonished, and asked, "Why speakest thou unto them in parables?" (v. 10.) We are convinced that the public and

private teaching of the Gospel ought to follow this example of the Great Teacher; first delivering the great principles of the Christian faith, and then breaking up the great truths of the Gospel through the medium of "likes," similitudes, and illustrations.

Such a style of teaching not only is popular and acceptable, but it is so because it is according to the nature of the human mind. The mind of man is a chamber of imagery. We have the power to conceive picturesque thoughts, to conjure up scenes and circumstances from either experience or imagination, and thus to constitute the mind as a picture-gallery, more or less furnished in proportion as we cultivate the study and taste for these things. It is thus that the "Pilgrim's Progress" has commanded a reputation beyond that of any other uninspired work. It is itself a gallery of pictures—states of mind described, abstract principles personified, and the whole inward experience of the soul expressed in the form of outward and familiar illustration.

And this is appreciated because it is natural. Human speech is to a very large extent composed of words that in ordinary use cause images, representations, and metaphors to rise to view, and to stand before us. The phrases of our daily talk are half poetry and imagination. We speak of "the seat of war," "sitting down before a besieged city"—the very word "siege" is the French for a *seat*—just as though the investing army had taken up a chair and set it down before the walls, and sat down upon it for days and months of watching and wait-

ing to see the end. We speak of a battery as being "masked," "unmasked," "summoning," "answering," "answered," "silenced;" and all this because of the cannon's "mouth!" The "white flag" instantly suggests a truce and suspension of hostilities; and the "red cross" summons us to view the work of mercy and compassion. We talk of *words* that "burn," or "sting," or "wound," or "soothe." We describe the character of a man not in roundabout speech, but by instant illustration, calling him a "fox," if he is cunning; a "wolf," if he is rapacious; a "bear," if he is rough and uncouth; and by a less complimentary term if he be stupid and dull; and we speak of a little child as a "lamb," because it is innocent and simple. So we also speak of a ship—it "rides" at anchor; it "breasts" the waves; it "ploughs" the deep; it "pulls through" the surf; it "gallantly sails;" and yet we know the ship has none of these active powers at its command, but is the passive subject of wind or wave or tide. Thus also the corn-fields "shout for joy, they also sing" (Ps. lxx. 13); the sea "fled," the mountains "skipped" (Ps. cxiv. 3, 4); the hills "melted" (Ps. cxvii. 5); Lebanon "mourned;" the trees of the field "fainted" (Ezek. xxxi. 15).

But it is not merely in the poetry of the Bible, or in the picturesque forms of ordinary speech, that we express ourselves in metaphor. In the most commonplace matter-of-fact businesses of life we do the same. I will be bound for it there is more poetry and metaphor talked in a single hour on the flags of the Exchange on a busy week-day than will be found in a hundred pulpits on a Sunday! Merchants and money-changers are talking poetry every day in the stern and unromantic prose dealings of the Stock Exchange and the counting-house. Take, for example, that most dull and prosaic column of the newspaper—the Money, or City Article, and it is picture and poetry all through. There you read the hourly bulletin of the state of the funds, just as though the varying phases of the health of an invalid were being reported to anxious relatives from hour to hour. We read that the Funds "rise" and "fall;" are "firm," "steady," "high," "low," "active," "inactive;" that they are "dull" or "lively," "flat" or "vigorous." We read of their "fluctuations," upward and downward "tendencies;" they "advance" or "recede;" undergo "reactions" and "relapses," and then "rally again;" they are susceptible of the slightest "breath"—of a rumour or misgiving; they yield to "unfavourable influences;" they show "great heaviness," or a remarkable "buoyancy;" are subject to "fears," and "panics," and "convulsions;" and after many changes and vicissitudes in a single day, there is the "final quotation," when, as it were, the physician bids farewell to his patient for the day, and

the funds are described as having "left off" either "heavily" or "at an improvement;" as having either "sustained" or "lost" ground, as the result of the varied influences of the day. Such is the poetry and metaphor of the dull, plodding, matter-of-fact life of City toil, and of its anxious, careworn, and prosaic toilers! And shall all this mode of speech characterise the world, and the things of the world, and yet form no part in the speech of the pulpit and of the ministry of the Word? Is all the attractive poetry of speech to be eliminated from the preaching of the Gospel? "Without a parable spake He not unto them." And let it be noted also, how the Spirit, in addressing the seven churches of Asia (Rev. ii, iii.) causes picture after picture, representation, illustration, simile, and metaphor to pass in review before them, while the encouragements and admonitions of the Spirit are administered to them. We read of the "angels" of the churches, the "stars," the "candlesticks"—"The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches: and the seven candlesticks which thou sawest are the seven churches." And then the picture-groups gather before the mind of the churches. Ephesus sees the candlestick threatened with removal—involving the loss of light and privilege. Smyrna has the picture set before her of a battle-field and victory—"faithful unto death" and a "crown of life." And so on to the other churches—"Satan's seat," the "sword of my mouth," the "hidden manna," the "white stone," the "secret name," the "woman Jezebel," the "synagogue of Satan," the "morning star," the coming "as a thief," the "key of David," the "shutting" and "opening" of the door, the "pillar in the temple," the "neither cold nor hot," and the contemptuous rejection—"I will spue thee out of my mouth." All these are so many "Pictures of Truth," illustrations of the diversified features and phases of churches and individuals—illustrations and allusions so plain and so practical as to explain themselves at once, and to need no further elucidation.

Here, then, are examples of the Divine mode of teaching, locally derived, personally interesting, suggesting each its own train of thought, reflection, and observation. Such a mode of teaching helps us to realise the subject in hand; it brings it near to us; enables us to touch and handle and make it our own. It transfers us to the things spoken of, causing us to adapt their uses and purposes, and natures and circumstances, to our own selves; showing us that we are, in all good things, to be like to what they are. It is just as when a missionary meeting is held in London or a provincial town. The speaker may talk fluently and eloquently enough about missions, and the duty of mission work; he may address himself to missions to the heathen, or missions to the Jews, or

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missions to the uttermost parts of the earth; and all the time the audience is still in *England*, and associating all this with English scenes and English customs. What is needed is, that the audience shall be so rapt in sympathy as to transplant itself to the localities that are being spoken of, and to the people of whom they are hearing. But little is done, unless you cause them to realise the field of labour; and this is to be accomplished by local description. Take them into the bazaars, introduce them to the caravans, conduct them into the wigwams; carry them away in imagination to the customs and costumes, and habits and manners of the people; tell out the personal intercourse and adventure; and this will make all one—this audience in England, and that heathen tribe in Africa or Ceylon, of which that audience is hearing.

With such a realising power as this ought the Gospel to be preached in this our own age, and among our own selves. Christ commanded the attention and quickened the curiosity of Nicodemus by telling him of "the wind that bloweth where it listeth," and by telling him of the "new birth." He thus taught from the basis of "earthly things," for the illustration of "heavenly things." Paul viewed the runner in the race; from the benches of the amphitheatre he beheld the wrestling conflict and the gladiatorial competition; he saw race, and goal, and prize, and then held up the picture to his hearers and his readers for their spiritual edification. And we have our own experiences and opportunities of observation; we have our own

national and local ways and means and motives, from which, as from a quiver-full, we may draw many a sharp arrow of conviction and realisation. Then let us use this talent to the illustration of Divine Truth, and it will prove itself a vital power to the edification of the people, who desire to know, not only what things *are*, but also what *they are like*.

If the following up of this idea in a series of "Illustrations of Truth" in the pages of the *QUIVER* would be deemed advisable, or at all likely to be useful, I would hope to avail myself of the opportunity thus opened for bringing forth things new and old in elucidation of the great and vital truths of the religion of the Gospel.

And as a dedication of the first-fruits of such a field of illustration, I would adopt the words of Christopher Harvey, who, in his imitations of George Herbert, recognises Christ as the Tree that beareth *all* good fruit, and lends the fruit-bearing power to man. Then of all human fruits that are brought forth the fruit-bearers must speak right humbly—

— "the fruit was mine:

Not so divine

As that I dare presume to call it Thine."

And as of such fruit, before it is ripe, some falls prematurely "to the ground," and "is found," "nor clean nor sound;" then "pick'd" and "wip'd," 'tis brought to God: in this is an "illustration" of my present work—

"Such as it is, 'tis here. Pardon the best,

Accept the rest.

Thy pardon and acceptance maketh blest."

ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH, LONDON.

SOME of our readers are doubtless well acquainted with Fleet Street, London, and have often gazed on the lofty and beautiful steeple of St. Bride's. Even the man hurrying to "catch the next train" cannot easily avoid seeing the church; and the thousands who stop for a minute at "Punch's corner," to criticise the last saying of that grave gentleman, will at least look up at the clock as they hasten on. Should the twelve bells be ringing, the voices from the steeple will be mighty indeed, and may lead some men, and women too, to envy St. Bride who has such heralds to proclaim her name.

Does any one know who and what St. Bride was? We are sorry to report that the lady's history has been lost or has never been published, or it may still be hidden in some ancient Erse manuscript not yet scrutinised by the keen eyes of Irish antiquaries. Some obscure hints of her life

have been preserved. One story calls her Bridget; another provides her with a home in the county of Kildare in the sixth century, and makes her an important agent in establishing the see of Kildare; while a third tradition describes the "holy fire" long kept burning in her honour in a now ruined structure close to the present cathedral.

Though the 1st of February was appropriated to St. Bridget in the old rituals, we cannot venture upon fixing the dates of her birth, death, or burial. This would require all the sublime daring of the old chronologists who satisfactorily decided that Adam was created on the 23rd of March. Pennant mournfully sums up his ignorance of St. Bride in the statement: "Whether she was Irish or whether she was Scotch, whether she was maiden or whether she was wife, I will not say."

But this much we may venture upon asserting, that in the thirteenth, or early in the fourteenth

century, a church was dedicated on the sloping banks of the river Fleet to this obscure Irish saint. Near to the walls was a clear spring, the waters of which gained the reputation of "holy," and was of course called "Bridewell," after its patron saint. Close by, but nearer to the river, stood an ancient palace. On the other side of the stream rose the great monastery of the Dominican or Black Friars, just outside the Roman-built walls of old London. Hard by, the statues of the venerable King Lud and his two worthy sons kept silent guard over the ancient city gate. Where are all these surroundings now? The well need not be searched for. All that an inquisitive eye will detect is the mere spout of a pump, timidly thrusting its nose through a small hole. The old palace has long been the Bridewell House of Correction; the Fleet river has hidden its disgraced head deep beneath the roadway; and the long line of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway station meets the eye instead of the time-worn walls of the monastery.

The original church seems to have been very small; but about the year 1480, William Viner, warden of the neighbouring Fleet Prison, enlarged the structure, and has thus secured for his name an abiding place in the records of the parish.

The great fire destroyed the ancient building; but an architect was then ready to raise a new St. Bride's, far surpassing, in exterior at least, the old pile. This is one of the fifty-three churches designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and is classed by some among his "basilical* churches." The building was not finished till 1703, when an old entry states that "the weathercock was put up." The steeple, 226 feet high, with its four architectural orders—the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian—has been called "the finest in England next to Bow." After it had been twice struck by lightning—in 1764, when eighty-four feet of the stone-work was damaged, and again in 1803—it was thought prudent to pay some respect to the laws of nature by putting up a conductor.

Let us now enter the church, passing under the head of that smiling and exceedingly happy-looking cherub which, through storm and sunshine, is always looking down from the great entrance, as if welcoming all honest-hearted church-goers.

Perhaps some readers will agree with Northouck in applying the word "elegant" to the interior of St. Bride's, while others will object to the whole style as "Italian." These critics will not be mollified by the fact that in 1823 the church was artistically painted to *imitate* marble. The large painted east window, finished in 1822, gives the congregation some idea of Ruben's great work, "The Descent from the Cross," a copy from the

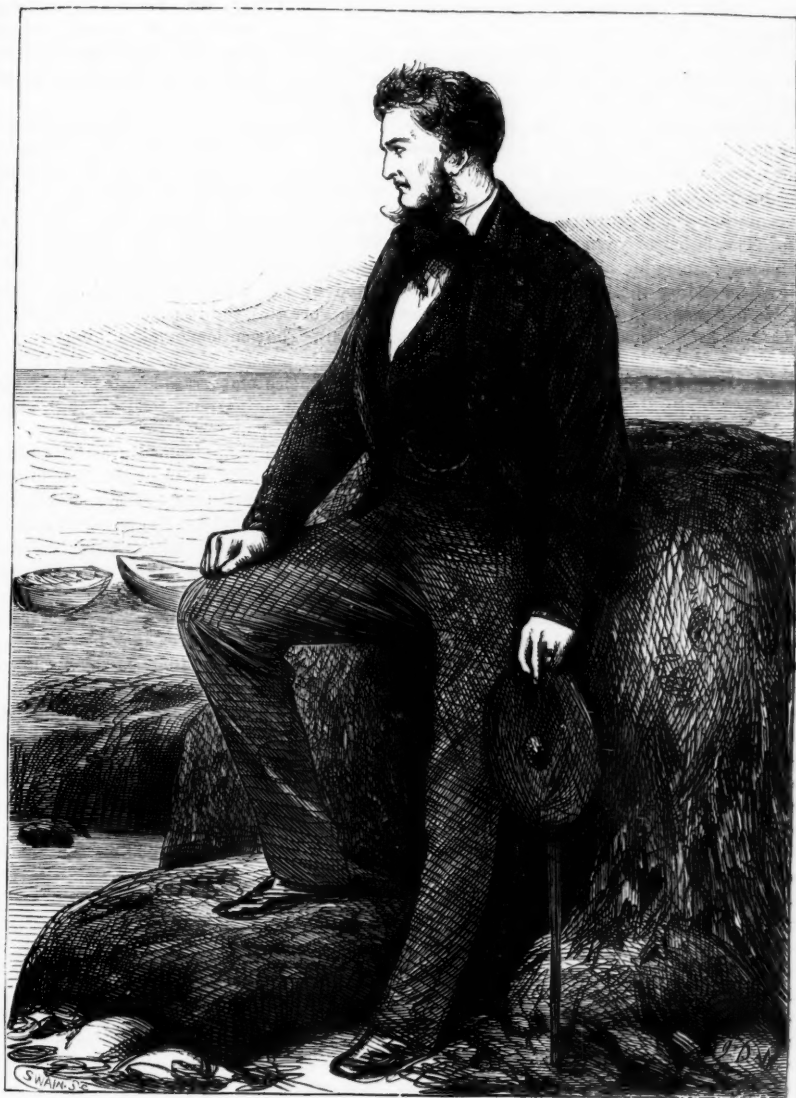
original in Antwerp Cathedral. The font seems to be the only visible link connecting the modern with the ancient church; and we are still able to read the inscription which informs us that Henry Hathersal was the donor. Is there, then, no other memorial of the old Plantagenet church? None visible; but we must not forget that the body of Wynkin de Worde, the enterprising fellow-labourer and successor of William Caxton, lies in an unknown grave beneath the site of the present pile. This second in the line of our great English printers and publishers lived close to the old church in Fleet Street, at the sign of the "Falcon;" and from his press issued no less than 408 works. Thus both the old and the new churches are associated in literary history by two famous printers and publishers—one representing the mind of the fifteenth, and the other the taste of the eighteenth century. In the old church, at the west end, was also buried the poet, Colonel Lovelace, who, after spending all his fortune in the defence of Charles I., was imprisoned by the resentful Parliament, and died in the same year as the victorious Cromwell, 1658. The ruined poet's grave was, however, left undisturbed when ruffianly hands tore the body of the once-powerful Protector from the tomb. If the lines—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage"—

truly represent the feelings of their author, then the imprisoned Lovelace may have been happier than the almost kingly Cromwell.

But we will now turn to the grave of Richardson. There is no visible memorial of his burial-place; but the pew-opener will show any visitor the position of the grave, which is close to the "prayer-desk," and in a line with the long row of "free sittings" in the central aisle. When we entered the church we found a neat, intelligent, and rather sprightly dame, who seemed quite delighted to point out the site of the novelist's grave. To the question, "Where is Richardson buried?" we received the return question, "Ah, the man who wrote 'Pamela?'" We admitted the truth of the description, pleased to find a pew-opener of St. Bride's so well up in the literature of the eighteenth century. Our sympathy drew forth the comment, "Ay, he was a great man—a very great man." We admitted this criticism without wounding her feelings by objecting to the "very great;" and asked, "Have you read 'Pamela?'" Answer was, "Well, no; but he was a great man." We were not, then, quite certain whether "Pamela" took the masculine or feminine gender in the literature of the good dame, whose admiration of Richardson rose to a loftier pitch upon our telling her of the other works the novelist had written. "And how long ago might it be since he died?" was a question suggested by some

* Roman palaces, courts of justice, and many ancient churches were called *basilicæ*.



(Drawn by J. D. WATSON.)

"O may that newly-made vow, in its spirit-strength never be broken"—p. 715.

chronological problem: she was evidently endeavouring to solve. Being thus suddenly "put upon our dates," we answered, with due caution, "About a hundred years ago he died." "Dear me," was the response; "what a long time. He must be nearly forgotten now." With this moral reflection on the shortness of humanity's memory, we took leave of the kindly pew-opener, who at least could name the author of "Pamela."

The leading events in the life of this once-popular novelist may be told in a few sentences. He was born in Derbyshire,* in 1689, while the whole land was still moved by the shock of the great revolution which drove the Stuart line from Britain. The father of young Samuel rejoiced at this political change, for he himself had suffered in fortune for aiding those who had risen against James II., and was now supporting his family as a joiner and cabinet-maker. The boy had but little education; but being apprenticed when seventeen to Mr. Wilde, a London printer, he eagerly used the opportunity thus given for enlarging his knowledge and improving his taste. Before this, however, when little more than twelve years old, he showed his powers of imagination by making pretty stories for the amusement of his companions. His facility of composition was even then so marked that several young damsels entrusted him with the delicate task of writing their love-letters! A capital training this for the future novelist. Richardson was no literary dawdler. He read much; but he also worked hard in the printing-office, in which he became manager under Mr. Wilde after his apprenticeship was over. Samuel's heart had always been somewhat sensitive to feminine smiles and graces; and as Mr. Wilde had a daughter, and some money to bestow as a marriage portion, no judicious reader will be surprised to learn that Miss Wilde became Mrs. Richardson. But there was no undue hurrying, no touching romance in the matter. It was not until Richardson had been for some years a master printer in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, that he became a husband. All then went pleasantly both in printing and domestic matters; the latter being kept from monotony by the due arrival of five sons and one daughter. Then a cloud darkened the home for a time: the wife died in 1731, and was buried in St. Bride's, in the grave to which, thirty years after, the body of Richardson was borne. He found a second wife in Miss Leake, the daughter of a bookseller; and from this marriage came six children—five daughters and a son.

Up to this time we have said nothing of authorship; but in his fifty-first year, Richardson published the first part of his once-popular "Pamela;

* The exact place is not known, as Richardson always avoided a reference to it.

or, *Virtue Rewarded*. In a *Series of Familiar Letters*." The work was written in his house in Salisbury Square, where he began the story on the 10th of November, 1739, and finished it on the 10th of January, 1740. The work took amazingly; five editions were sold in a year, and occupied far more attention than the politics of Europe, the ambition of Frederick of Prussia, or the troubles of Maria Theresa.

Eight years passed before Richardson produced his next novel, which excited a deeper interest than even "Pamela." In 1748 appeared "The History of Clarissa Harlowe, in a Series of Familiar Letters," and in 1753 "The History of Sir Charles Grandison. Sir Charles, a man of fortune, and rather an insipid character, is vehemently loved by two ladies—one an Italian (Clementina della Porretta), the other an English girl (Harriet Byron). The gentleman takes things very coolly—is clearly puzzled which lady to select; the riches at his choice embarrass him, and the crisis comes when Clementina goes mad through disappointment and jealous rage.

The works above named are those which have given Richardson a place in the literature of fiction, his edition of *Æsop's Fables* and his small tract on "The Duties of Wives" having added nothing to his fame, though the latter may have stirred up the wrath of some strong-minded matrons.

The novelist did not cease to be a printer, but kept on steadily increasing his business as a tradesman while adding to his renown as an author. He became printer both to the Crown and to the House of Commons; and the Stationers' Company signified their appreciation of his merits by electing him "Master" in 1754.

Of course, so flourishing a man of business had his "country-house," which was, however, not more distant from town than Fulham. He resided first at North End, and afterwards at Parson's Green, where he died on the 4th of July, 1761.

When we turn from the life and works of Richardson to contemplate his character, we shall be somewhat disappointed by the absence of *greatness*. We find a moral, respectable, sensitive, sensible, and well-informed man, but nothing very commanding. We even note some very decided marks of weakness; a vanity almost laughable, from which a really proud man would have been free; and a somewhat effeminate—not feminine, observe—cast of mind. But we must not forget that this man held his own ground well in the presence of such formidable rivals as Fielding, with his "Tom Jones," and Smollett, with his "Roderick Random." Power, therefore, he must have had, notwithstanding weaknesses, which partly arose from his position as the worshipped centre of a

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What, now, is the concluding estimate of our readers respecting Richardson? None will place him on the same level with a Scott, a Thackeray, or

a Dickens; but all will admit that he worthily fills a niche in the second tier of the literary temple, and that his grave in St. Bride's Church connects the building with the long history of the struggles and triumphs of English genius. W. D.

AN AWAKENING.

ELEGIACS.

I.

GREY and gold in the gloom stood out the light of the morning,

Purple and white through the foam showed the broad face of the sea:

Then, in the glow of the East, in the radiant birth of the dawning,

Came a fair vision to earth, came a bright angel to me.

II.

"Lo!"—said the Spirit—"I come, and thou wakest not, son of the sleeper,

Rise from thine indolent sloth, wake from thine indolent dream;

Work, ere the evening come, ere the Angel of Death be thy keeper,

Pray, ere the lamp of thy life fade from its transient gleam!"

III.

Rose the bright glorious orb, the god of the orient ceiling;

Fisher-boys sang on the beach, sailed the white gulls in the bay:

Poured forth a splendour of light, the beauties of Nature revealing,

Rolled the dim mist from afar, fled the dark shadows away!

IV.

From the green valleys beyond, the scent of the violets, bearing

Incense sweet to my soul, wafted their odorous breath,

Bringing a newly-born hope to a soul that was dark and despairing,

Opening visions of life, barring the portals to death.

V.

Then I awoke and arose, obedient to Him who had spoken,

Went forth to work and to toil, to conquer, perchance, who shall say?

O may that newly-made vow, in its spirit-strength never be broken,

O may the star of that dream shine ever clear on my way!

A. H. BALDWIN.

THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY.

CHAPTER XII.

WISH I was as happy and as certain of Harold as Molly is of her tailor," thought Chatty, as she dressed to go and pay an afternoon visit to Mrs. Wayson. "Maria, are you sure the three o'clock postman has passed?"

"Yes; I saw him."

"I can't think why Harold hasn't written. I used to have a letter nearly every day at one time. I think I'll invent something as an excuse to write to him about, and tell him in the postscript I half thought I should have heard from him this morning."

"I am sure he has not brought you much happiness," said Maria, sermonisingly; "and after all, Chatty, I must say I don't think he cares very much for you. He said he was going to leave off being extravagant, and get out of debt, and do all sorts of things, but he hasn't. You told me at first, too,

that he was in a wonderful hurry to marry in a couple of months; and it's more than four now, and I've heard nothing about it."

"Yes; but he must like me very much, because see how true he's been! I'm certain he was never engaged to one girl for a whole four months before, and he's just as anxious as ever, only he's not in a position to marry yet. Besides, I think being engaged is much nicer; he might snub me afterwards, but they never do before."

"Yes; but he ought to be in a position to marry, and could have been if he had liked," returned Maria.

"That's very true," thought Chatty, as she carefully drew on her gloves, which were bran-new, with little gilt-topped tassels suspended from the wrists. "After all, though, his faults are much nicer than other people's virtues."

And she sallied forth most perfectly satisfied with her own appearance, thinking of Harold and of her

train, and of Harold's letter, and her ridiculous little bonnet, which displayed the elaborate coils of black hair so well, and wondering if Mrs. Spink would be at Mrs. Wayson's, and if so, what sort of temper she would be in; and then she put up her parasol, which was nearly as ridiculous as her bonnet, and had a pink lining, which she knew perfectly well cast a rather becoming shade on her pale face.

"Why, I do believe that is George Baylis coming this way. It is, too. I suppose he has just come up to town, and is going to our house. I'll let my train fall by accident as he meets me, look dignified, and pass on;" and she let it fall, and looked straight before her, and tried to appear very unconcerned and unconscious, and to pass him, but he stopped her.

"Chatty," he said, standing before her, "won't you speak to me?"

"Will you be so good as to allow me to pass?" she said, taking care not to meet his eyes, and trying to insert her face exactly in the middle of the infinitesimal patch of shade cast by her absurd parasol.

"Let me speak to you one moment," he said. "I want to tell you——"

"I don't wish you to tell me anything," she answered, drawing herself up, and trying to look as tall as possible, while she thought how remarkably well she was acting her part. "I wish I hadn't let down my train, though," she mentally added; "I shall be obliged to gather it up again in a moment, or it will be smothered with dust."

"But, Chatty, I want to explain. I did not mean to tell; you know I could not do anything to——"

"Mr. Baylis," she said, haughtily and mercilessly, "will you allow me to pass?"

"Can't you ever forgive me?" he said pleadingly. "You know—you must know—that——"

"I know," she said, suddenly turning upon him, "I know that you have made my home wretched for me, and set every one against me, and made me downright hate you, and I believe you did it on purpose;" and she forgot her dignity in her excitement.

"Chatty," he said, not sternly, but firmly, and no longer in the pleading tone, "Chatty, you know you are wronging me, you know that the harm I did you I did inadvertently, and—— Well, I think some day you will see I have been right in many things. Good-bye; I am glad to have seen your face again, and—— But never mind; good-bye," and he was gone.

She went on her way no longer proud of her appearance, or caring about her train, or the tassels on her gloves—no longer even thinking of the letter she had wished for so anxiously, but with the words of the artilleryman, "I think some day you will see I have been right in many things," ringing in her ears, and with the tears (she did not know why) stealing into her eyes.

"I wish Harold loved me as George Baylis does or did," she said, as she knocked at Mrs. Wayson's door.

Mrs. Wayson was at home, and Mrs. Spink was spending the day with her. Chatty entered the drawing-room, feeling anything but victorious after her meeting with George Baylis, and not in the least in the humour to talk the requisite amount of twaddle. The pretty widow was radiant, laughing, patronising, and amusing—in an attractive humour perhaps, but precisely the one Chatty most disliked.

"What is the matter?" she asked, as she flitted about the room, and picked a stray dead leaf off the flowers, or hummed a bar of a song; "why are you looking so grave, Chatty?" and she settled down on the music-stool and ran her fingers over the keys, which answered crisply to her touch. Her music was like herself, brilliant and sparkling, but it had little feeling in it.

"One can't always be merry, you know; besides, I think I am rather tired;" and she rose and looked over Mrs. Spink's shoulder at the music opened before her.

"Ah! this is quite new; have you seen it?" and she pointed to the title-page of the song.

"No," said Chatty, as she looked at it. She saw that Mrs. Spink's name was written on it in Harold Greyson's handwriting. "I don't know it," she said, a little chokingly; and she went over to Mrs. Wayson, and commenced talking to her.

"And how are you two turtle-doves getting on?" asked the widow presently, flitting across the room and sitting down on the couch close to her visitor; "as happy as the day is long, I suppose, and living on love and rose-leaves."

"No, indeed, we are not," answered Chatty, a little indignantly; "we should get fearfully hungry if we did."

"Oh, you funny little girl!" and she laughed a little patronisingly. "Do you know," she went on, "mamma and I were talking of you both the other day, and saying how absurd it is that people never marry their ideals. I remember a long time ago hearing Mr. Greyson describe the sort of girl he admired, and she was quite different from you, and yet, you see, he has succumbed to your charms. I am sure I don't wonder at it;" and she straightened out the ends of one of the bows on Chatty's dress and looked up into her face caressingly. "I am sure I don't wonder at it in the least. I never could understand how it was the men passed you by as they did. I quite admire Mr. Greyson's discernment. When's it to be, Chatty? You must invite us, you know. We'll come, won't we, mamma?" and she went back to the keys.

Altogether, Chatty, as she went home, felt like a cat with its back up, after it had been carefully stroked the wrong way.

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widows, as they do in Egypt or some other place, I forget where," she thought. Certainly Chatty did not feel amiable. "There's that ugly Dr. Denby's head at the window," she said as she

entered the gate, a remark which was simply a libel, for Dr. Denby was not ugly. "He's come to tea, of course."

(To be continued.)

DAYS IN THE HOLY LAND.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE SEA OF GALILEE (*continued*).

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR, M.A., F.R.S., MASTER OF MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, AND HON. CHAPLAIN TO THE QUEEN.



UT it is along the western shore that the traveller will, in all probability, ride; because, desolate as it is, it is yet the frequented, as well as the most striking route, and compared to the other side, it is usually safe from the attacks of roving Bedawin.

Tiberias—now Tubariyeh—which gives its name to the lake (*Bahr Tubariyeh*), was built by Herod Antipas to be the capital of Galilee. The whole family of the Herods, like Augustus and Napoleon III., had a mania for architecture; and Antipas not only built and fortified this city—which then, as is shown by the ruins, occupied a much larger space than now—but also adorned it with a palace, at once splendid and sumptuous, which was called "The Golden House." The city had not, however, grown into complete notoriety during our Lord's time, and hence the expression "Sea of Tiberias" is only used by St. John, who wrote the latest of the four evangelists, while the other three retain the old names Sea of Galilee or Lake of Gennesareth; the still more ancient title of *Chinnereth* having long been obsolete. It was probably at "The Golden House" that Antipas was living when the fame of the miracles of Jesus awoke his guilty conscience, and stimulated his eager curiosity (Matt. xiv. 1; Luke ix. 7), and his recent murder of John made the Pharisees hope that they could play on our Lord's human terrors to drive him from the country, by the message that Herod intended to kill him. They only received the utterly contemptuous answer, "Go ye, and tell that fox"—and as he spoke, perhaps, he pointed to the glittering roofs where Antipas was living with his adulterous queen—"go ye, and tell that fox, Behold, I cast out devils, and I do cures to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected." Indeed, it seems likely that our Lord never set foot in the precincts of Tiberias. There was, in all probability, at least a sufficient amount of truth in the malignant message of the Pharisees to show that it would have been dangerous to do so. If we may draw an inference from the silence of the evangelists, Jerusalem was the only large city which Christ ever visited, nor would he have been likely to set foot in a place which

was not only defiled by the Gentile abominations of a voluptuous and sanguinary king, but which in its earlier days all good Jews avoided because it had been built in part on the site of ancient sepulchres, so that even to enter it involved a ceremonial pollution. In later times, however, Tiberias became the seat of the Sanhedrim, and took the place of the ruined Jerusalem. Several of the greatest rabbis—among others the famous Moses Maimonides—died and are buried there. It is now one of the four sacred cities of the Jews, who believe that the Messiah will rise from the waters of the lake and set up his throne at Safed. How touching is the loyalty of despair with which this strange race still look for the fulfilment of the prophecies which they misunderstood, and the coming of the Messiah, whom, when he came, they rejected and crucified! And how amazing is the contrast between the present meanness of their condition, and the vastness and splendour of their hopes. The Jews of Tiberias—some 800 in number, chiefly fugitives from Spain and Russia—are a miserable-looking race. Their mean, pale faces, their greasy furred caps, their black, corkscrew curls, their weak, slouching gait, their general poverty and degradation, move the heart with pity. The only successor of Herod Antipas is "the King of the Fleas," who, as is commonly reported throughout Palestine, has his home at Tiberias, as may be safely inferred from the unbounded activity of his courtiers. When Mr. Macgregor visited it with the *Rob Roy* canoe, he felt obliged to enter in the visiting-book of the wretched place that serves as an inn, that he had stayed there two nights, and that *the canoe was not devoured!*

I have already more than once alluded to the enfeeblement both of mind and body produced upon the inhabitants of this district, and of other parts of the Ghôr, which lie in a hollow so many feet below the level of the sea. It is clear that this physical degeneracy was not produced in ancient days. There could have been no sickness or effeminacy in those obscure fishermen and publicans, born and bred in these regions, whose lofty destiny was to renovate and evangelise the world. That the shores could never have been

perfectly healthy may, however, be inferred from the immense multitudes of sick folk—blind, halt, leprous, demoniac, withered—of which the Gospels so often speak. But in other respects the circumstances of the country—its civilisation, its secure roads, its irrigating aqueducts, its careful cultivation, its greater abundance of timber, its populousness, and its commercial prosperity must have rendered its sanitary influences far more favourable than is now the case.

When the traveller is fairly out of the Wady el-Hamâm, he will find himself in that delicious green, crescent-shaped plain, about three miles in length, and half a mile in breadth, which the Arabs called El Ghuweir, or the Little Ghôr, and which St. Matthew calls the "land of Gennesaret." To the Christian—next, perhaps, to Jerusalem and Mount Olivet—it is the most sacred spot on the world's surface. It was in this little plain that our Lord performed the greater part of his miracles, uttered the great majority of his parables, and spent the chief part of the three years which were occupied by his ministry on earth. He was walking along its pebbly shore when he called the most eminent of his apostles; his boat rocked upon the ripples of its crystal marge when he taught the thronging multitude who pressed so closely upon him to listen, and he healed. It is in the immediate vicinity of Capernaum, which receives from St. Matthew the proud title of "his own city" (Matt. ix. 1). Few spots could have been more familiar to him, or more beloved by him, than this little place.

At the southern angle of this plain the traveller will observe a palm-tree and the ruins of a square tower, which dates apparently from the Middle Ages, rising up beside a collection of unusually wretched hovels, small, built of mud, and patched with straw. And if he asks the name of the hamlet, he will recognise in the answer *Mejdel*, a corruption of the ancient Magdala. We rode through the lane of repulsive huts, more like the inhuman-looking dwellings of the modern Egyptians than any other place we had seen; and here, in the open streets—the surest sign of degradation in the scale of humanity—we saw the dusky children running about stark naked at their play. And yet this poverty-stricken hamlet retains the name which in every civilised land is surrounded with an aureole of Divine compassion: for on this spot once lived Mary of Magdala, the most loving and tenderly faithful of that little band of devoted women who ministered to Christ; she who loved much because she had been forgiven much; she out of whom his mercy had cast seven devils; she whom the steady tradition of the Church has always identified with the sinner who—

"Sat and wept, and with her untressed hair
Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch;

And He wiped off the soiling of despair
From her sweet soul because she loved so much."

The Pharisees would not have suffered her so much as to touch the blue ribbon that bound the fringes of their robes; her very name recalls the images of sin and sorrow, and was destined to be bestowed henceforth on those who have fallen but have repented; yet, because her boundless love made her the last to linger by the cross, and the first to hasten to the tomb, to her it was granted, even before a Peter and John, to see the form, to hear the accents, of our risen Lord.

Riding down from Mejdel to the waterside, we soon came to the fringe of oleanders, mentioned with such eminent pleasure by all who have ever visited the Sea of Galilee. They were in full flower, and their rich, abundant masses of large pink blossom, filled the whole air with delicate perfume as we rode beside them. They luxuriated most on the banks of the little rivulets which fall into the lake, three of which we passed before reaching Khan Minyeh, and about these streams and in the dense thickets of nabk and oleander that encircled them, there were literally myriads of birds keeping up one loud and incessant twitter. Grebes and other waterfowl were floating peacefully on the silver mirror of the lake, and multitudes of black and white kingfishers were eagerly engaged in their avocations at its edge. Seated on some tall thistle, or sprig of oleander, the little fellows would every moment dash down impetuously headfirst into the water, as they saw some small fish go glancing by; and so busy were they watching the silvery twinkle in the lake beneath which showed that their prey was near, that we could approach quite close to them without being noticed.

At one or two places we passed a few Arabs—men and women—engaged in their very primitive method of fishery. Mr. Porter, in his excellent "Handbook of Syria," mentions *two* ways in which these successors of the old "fishers of the Galilean lake" procure their sustenance from its waters. They no longer use large nets and fishing-boats, like St. Peter and the Sons of Zebedee, who pushed out to the centre and fished in deep water, but are content with such fish as the shallow margin may provide. Either a man strips himself naked, and taking a hand-net, stalks noiselessly along until he can succeed in catching a fish or two by a sudden jerk; or they scatter over the surface breadcrumbs poisoned with corrosive sublimate, and pick up the fish as they float dead on the surface, selling them in the market of Tiberias. The method which we saw was different from either of these, though quite as wretched. They had made a sort of rude weir with large stones, at the shallow part of the water, and after enticing the fish to the spot by crumbs, drove them into this

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weir, where they were killing the floundering fish by beating the water with long sticks! The first set of them which we came across had in this way killed about a dozen *binni*, a species of carp, which they offered us for a small trifle. Achmet proposed that we should make a wood fire and broil them in the ashes for lunch, but we were so much pressed for time that we could not do so; but Achmet had made his proposal without the faintest knowledge of that memorable and marvelous scene of which it naturally reminded us (John xxi. 9-13), and trivial as the incident was, it was not uninteresting to observe that, immensely as all else was changed, the manners and customs which prevail on the shores of Lake Tiberias remain, after eighteen centuries, substantially the same.

It was about a mile and a half beyond Mejdél that we caught sight of the only human beings (except the fishermen) whom we saw upon the shores of Galilee. Even from a distance it was easy to distinguish by their spears and accoutrements that they were mounted Bedawin. I could see that Achmet was watching them with much anxiety long before they came up to us. One was

a splendid-looking Sheykh, mounted on a superb horse, his dark features and beard contrasting with the snowy folds of the burnouse that covered him. He was one of the grand specimens of humanity which one sometimes sees among the upper classes in the Semitic race. His attendants were also handsome men, and the style of their arms and of their dress showed them to be people of distinction. After looking at each other closely, he and Achmet rode up to each other with the most courteous salutations, each trying (according to the fashion of Eastern politeness) to seize and kiss the other's hand, and each not allowing the other to go through such a demonstration of humility. We passed with mutual greetings, and Achmet then told us that he was one of the most powerful Sheykhs of the Hauran, which cannot be visited without his permission and protection.

I had hoped in this paper to say farewell to my readers, and to finish my remembrance of Days in the Holy Land, but I have not now left myself space to speak of Bethsaida and Capernaum, and I must venture once more to trespass on their attention

THE GOOD FIGHT.

"The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."



H! mother, mother! do come across the meadow, and look along the road. There are strings of soldiers, all in red coats, and a band of music, with drums that go bang, bang, crash, bang; and oh, mother, there are some on horses, looking so grand and so brave; and oh, such clouds of dust!"

"Silly child, think ye that men and women find so much play-time that they must needs run out at the sound of a drum, or the marching of soldiers; or that they take thy childish delight in such vain pageantry?"

"But, mother, they march, and march, and march, and are ever going by, yet never gone; and oh! the clouds of dust!"

"And do ye like the noise, and the dust, and the sun, this summer's day, silly child? Keep you back from the roadway, and let the soldiers pass without sight from you."

"But, mother, they look so grand, and so brave, and their helmets shine, and their plumes wave, and they tramp, tramp, tramp; and there are, oh! such clouds of dust, and the drums are beating. There, hear them now, mother; how wildly they crash and bang, and how joyful they are. I cannot stay here, mother, I must see the soldiers, so gay and so brave, as they march, march, march along."

Ten minutes more of hard work in the cool-tiled kitchen and a woman's voice sounds across the

meadow, "Will, Will, come in out of the heat and dust, and have a glass of milk;" and a smaller, sweeter voice sends answer, "I cannot come, mother, please, they are passing now, so brave and so gay."

Now the half of an hour, and the shrill voice sounds again across the meadow, "Can't ye come now, child, out of the blazing sun?" and the childish voice replies again, "Still they pass, mother, and they march so finely, and look so brave."

Yet another space of time, and the voice goes forth a third time across the meadow, "Come now, child, thy dinner waits." But the child cries out gleefully, "They are passing now, mother, and I see not yet an end coming; and they march as grandly as ever." So the woman turns back to the house, never dreaming of coercing her strange and wayward child.

And the child stands on the wayside, and watches with ever-varying emotion the bright scene before him; and still they pass, and pass, and pass, until at length there comes in sight an end to the almost endless string of footsore travellers; and as the last weary straggler blends with the dust, and the sound of the drum becomes intermingled with the marching of feet, the little one turns tearfully away, and seeking the shade of a large tree on the borders of the meadow, throws himself down on the grass in a fit of sorrowful weeping.

And how wonderfully prophetic seems to him the

vision that passes before his sleep-bound eyes. He saw the long ranks of men and the smoke of the battle, and amid it all his own figure, ever foremost, fighting its way to honour and renown. The clanging din is yet in his ears as he starts from his restless slumber. Through the day that vision haunts him, ay, and through many days, until it became to him a reality, and as the time drags itself slowly away, it leaves in his heart a wistful longing for the period when he shall fulfil that glorious foreshadowed destiny.

The child passes away and leaves the youth, and the youth also passes away and leaves the man. This the years have wrought, and more, for in the heart of the man there is—what the child never possessed—a new life and a new purpose.

But yet there struggled in his heart, for the mastery over this new and nobler aim, the old ambition that had grown up with his growth, and so twined itself around his every thought and word that it seemed impossible now to tear it out or trample it down. Thus, wavering in painful indecision, his thoughts revert to the vision of his childhood—that summer day's dream that had held out to him such glorious promise for the future. Surely such a vision was sent to guide him in the choosing his career, and would it not be worse than presumption to attempt to belie it?

So at last his decision is made, and with an impatient heart he awaits the time that shall bear him away from home and kindred, and native land, to deathly clime and bloodshed and a glorious destiny. There are great waves of pain in his heart as he tears himself from the last fond embrace, and turns away to hide his own as well as to shut out the sight of the bitter tears that are being shed for his sake; and yet, were it in his power, would he for one moment wish to return?

So the time passes on, and the miles wash away to that other shore—the Englishman's grave, as the men have called it, fair and beautiful though it is, and the good ship speeds back to a better land, leaving behind its freight of destiny-seekers. But they have come too late. The glory has been achieved, the first victory won, and the tide of success, once flowing, continues to roll onward without bringing aught of glory to these later comers. The deed of honour has been accomplished without them, and there is only left an inglorious safety. "Not now, then," thinks the young soldier, "is the vision to be fulfilled," and begins to reconcile himself to returning without that for which wholly and solely he had come.

But so it is not to be. The evil and horrors of bloodshed have been succeeded by an evil still greater and horrors more horrible. Death stalks abroad in its most fearful and ghastly form, and by the life that is in his own soul, he has no alternative but to labour incessantly for its bestowal upon the poor stricken ones. Thus he is engaged in shedding

peace around him when the news comes of the speedy return of the troops, and although the rumour is quickly verified, the young Samaritan is not among those who so joyfully place foot once more on native earth. He has been left behind, with many another, in that fair and beautiful land, the Englishman's grave.

So the man worked out the destiny foreshadowed to him in the child's dream; worked it out, as it was ordained he should, with a glory and honour which, though unknown except to those around him, was as far greater than as it was widely different from that which he had marked out for himself.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

233. In the second numbering of the Israelites at the end of their forty years' wandering, one only of the tribes had undergone a very remarkable diminution. Name it.

234. What circumstance in the history of the inhabitants of Jabesh-Gilead would account for their showing the respect they did to the remains of Saul and Jonathan which the Philistines had hung on the walls of Bethshan?

235. In Gen. xvii. 1 God gives to Abraham the injunction, "Walk before me, and be thou perfect." Mention a similar injunction in the New Testament.

236. In what passage in the Pentateuch is mention made of the Book of the Covenant?

237. How many men having the name Joshua are mentioned in the Old Testament?

238. Give the principal cases of discovery by lot recorded in the Bible.

239. Quote a passage in which mention is made of money before we read of "current money with the merchants."

240. What probable reason may be assigned for Joab's killing Absalom in defiance of King David's command?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 688.

222. Compare Isa. xi. 9 with Hab. ii. 14. "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

223. 1 Sam. xiv. 35. "And Saul built an altar unto the Lord: the same was the first altar that he built unto the Lord."

224. Acts xiii. 22. When St. Paul preached at Antioch in Pisidia.

225. Exod. xii. 46, and Numb. ix. 12, compared with John xix. 36. "A bone of him shall not be broken."

226. Gal. ii. 10. "Only that we should remember the poor."

227. Raising the dead (2 Kings iv. 35); cleansing the leper (2 Kings v. 14); feeding a multitude (2 Kings iv. 43).